

SONNET LXX VI II.



HE proudest Planet in his highest sphere[^]
Saturn, enthronist in thy frowning brows !
Next awful Jove, thy majesty doth bear!
And unto dreadful Mars, thy courage bows ! Drawn from thy noble grandfathers of might.

Amongst the laurel-crowned Poets sweet,
And sweet Musicians, take the place by right!

For Phoebus, with thy graces thought it meet* Venus doth sit upon thy lips, and chin !

And Hermes hath enriched thy wits divine !

Phoebe with chaste desires, thine heart did win ! The Planets thus to thee, their powers resign !

Whom Planets honour thus, is any such ?

My Muse* then, cannot honour her too much !

SONNET LXXIX.



JOVETOUS Eyes ! What did you late behold ?

My Rival graced with a sun-bright smile !

Where he, with secret signs, was sweetly told

Her thoughts; with winks, which all men might

beguile ! Audacious, did

I see him kiss that hand

Which holds the reins of my unbridled heart !

And, softly wringing it, did closely stand

Courting with love terms, and in lover's art ! Next (with his fingers kissed) he touched her middle !

Then saucy, (with presumption uncontrolled)

To hers, from his eyes, sent regards by riddle ! At length, he kissed her cheek ! Ah me ! so bold !

To bandy with bel-guards in
interchange.
Blind mine eyes, Envy ! that they
may not range!